

THE OWOSSO TIMES.

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OWOSSO, MICHIGAN, FEBRUARY 17, 1899.

WHOLE NO. 1037

Did the "Grip" Freeze to Death

DURING THE COLD SNAP?

Well hardly—Pretty lively corpse yet anyway.

Are you in need of ammunition to kill him? or anything else in the Drug and Medicine line?

We have plenty of fresh new stock.

We want your trade—Will treat you right.

PRICE AND QUALITY GUARANTEED.

H. A. BLACKMAR

DRUGGIST.

Successor to L. M. Watson.

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Owosso Telephone Co.

IS TO GIVE A THOROUGHLY RELIABLE SERVICE AT A RATE REASONABLE AT ONCE TO BOTH ITS PATRONS AND THE COMPANY.

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WALL PAPER

can be found at the store of the

OWOSSO PAINT & WALL PAPER COMPANY

115 West Exchange Street, Owosso.

NOW IS THE TIME

—TO BUY—

HEATING STOVES CHEAP

If you need one for next year you can have the use of it for the balance of the season and save money.

HARD COAL BASE BURNERS,

New and Second Hand.

ROUND OAK AND AIR TIGHT WOOD STOVES,

At Greatly Reduced Prices.

Some Good Bargains in Steel Ranges.

Call and see what we can do for you.

IRA G. CURRY,

113 East Main Street.

Cows Worth \$73.50

We overheard one of Shiawassee County's progressive farmers say last Saturday that he recently offered \$73.50 for a COW. The gentleman who made the offer is a JUDGE of the VALUE of Cows he knows he could buy Cows at \$25, \$30, \$40, or \$50. Why give \$73.50? BECAUSE HE KNEW THE ONE AT \$73.50 WAS A BETTER INVESTMENT THAN THE CHEAPER ONES AT THE MARKET PRICES. \$35 or \$40 Cows no doubt are WORTH THE PRICE—if worth more, then more would be asked for them. The same is true of FARMING IMPLEMENTS, BUGGIES, WAGONS, Etc., Etc. We do not wish to give the impression that we are a high-priced house to deal with. We keep only the BEST. Our prices ARE AS LOW AS FIRST-CLASS GOODS CAN BE SOLD. McCormick Machines cost a little (a very little) more than others, but are the cheapest for you to own. The same is true of every article we keep.

Crowe & Payne.

Letter From Turkey.

MARASH, Dec. 19, 1898.

I feel great sympathy tonight for the ladies who have to get up missionary meetings; for I am on the committee for our next one, and ought to be looking up literature this moment. "What so lety?" Why the Central Turkey Girls' College Society, Lighters of Darkness, to be sure. Why we belong, we are a branch, don't you know? We started—that is, our branch was started, fifteen years ago, and over one hundred and fifty girls have been members, and have raised over one hundred and seventy dollars, which has been sent to Chicago. The full members must be church members and pay about 26 cents a year and other pupils may be non-voting members by paying one cent a month. The full members do not "write papers" to read before the society in its monthly meetings, no indeed, that "would not be so interesting," so they translate what we find for them and memorize it, using maps and sometimes drawing very realistic pictures on the blackboard to illustrate their remarks, and four or five girls occupy the hour, closing by short prayers, by the others, for the land of which they have heard, and then taking a collection. As some of the girls are so poor that they can not possibly get a penny to buy necessary pens and paper, and not one of them can pay the full price (\$5) for board, I think they have done well, don't you? But their enterprising young teacher thinks they have not done half well enough, and says "we must earn money." Earn money! I thought when hundreds of women are picking cotton from the balls and getting from one to three cents a day, and men earn ten or twelve, but little did I know of the resources of Turkey. "Here are all these leaves going to waste," she said, "and if we only had a sheep to eat them we could sell it at considerable profit later on." The leaves were the dry fallen leaves of the Apricot and Mulberry, and I could scarcely believe that animals would eat them, but I saw a man shaking them down to waiting sheep below, and know that it is so. There is no hay in this country, and straw is very costly. This summer I saw enormous stacks of great rank thistles put away to feed animals this winter, so I dare say leaves may be a luxury after all. Well, we are to have a missionary sheep next year, one of the big-tailed kind, whose tail fills a milk-pan and the fat from which furnishes a substitute for lard in this land where keeping pigs is against the law, and the eating of their flesh is held in abhorrence.

"And we must raise some silk worms from these mulberry leaves next spring," added Louisa, conclusively, and I see that there is hope of a missionary society's earning money, even in Turkey, when all are in earnest about it.

Some of our girls wish to be missionaries, little suspecting that they already are, by their work in our three Sunday schools. Last Sunday was a great day for the school, of which I have charge, for they went into the church as they do once or twice during the year, for what they call an examination. It was raining and cold and the mud was as deep as it only can be in Turkey and the poor little things shivered in their ragged and threadbare garments, but their faces were radiant, even if their feet were bare, for were they not to recite in the big church, and sing perfectly new songs (a great thing here,) and, crowning glory of all, the Hanum was going to give them a "bea-utiful" picture such as they had last year—that is, if they did not forget to sing, as they sometimes do, and if they spoke loud, and—and, was there any other proviso attached? A look of responsibility settled down on their faces as they crowded around their teachers, all sitting on the floor, of course. First, came the 8th Psalm in concert, then singing, and then a bewildering variety of recitations—prophecies concerning the coming of Christ, beginning at Genesis by the older ones and the story of his birth by the "little fine" ones, as they say in Turkish, long hard chapters of Catechism, and short poems, but especially Bible verses, and then two of the tiny ones gravely questioned each other as to the meaning and right use of the Sabbath, and others had motion songs. A few were as old as twelve years, but they graduate into the church Sunday school now and leave more room for the small ones. Every teacher keeps a record of attendance and writes down the money given, and every child is expected to bring a coin equal to 1-5 of a cent. During the year I find that we have gathered \$15.40. This goes for the support of the schools.

Every child wishes to speak in the church, and so when 12 hours had passed, we concluded to have the rest of the program another time, but the children were quite willing to stay an hour longer.

One of my bright girls this year is one whom I found last New Year's day clothed only in a thin pair of cotton Turkish trousers and two threadbare waists with a cotton rag over her head, and with bare feet. She stole into the church to hear the music, leaving a sick mother at home without fire or food, and the child herself seemed starving. I had on my heaviest winter clothing that day and wondered that the girl did not die from the exposure. However, she is clothed now, and has learned of the riches in store for those who love the Lord.

Many times people ask me how the exceedingly poor people can give as they do. They often manage it by going without breakfast, I think, and by all giving. They have learned well the lesson that a man's life consisteth not of the things that he has, and the massacre has made them anxious to invest their money in something the Turks can not take away.

But the condition here is really very grave. The government is pressing so for taxes that they go into the houses of the alleged debtors and if they can find even a cup it is taken and sold. There is no furniture to mention in any house here, but the poorest must have a bed (rolled up and put away in the day and spread on the earth floor at night,) one or two cooking dishes with covers which serve as plates, a cup and perhaps a pail, a knife and wooden spoon—of course, no chairs, tables, or rugs, nothing but what I have mentioned unless they are "rich" enough to have a tub for washing. The last mentioned article is one of the first things seized for taxes, always, but now they are taking the drinking cups and any of the stores that have been provided for winter. I have not yet heard of any beds sold. I see many of the shops shut and many times learn that the owner is in hiding so that he may not be imprisoned for taxes. Very frequently a man is called up and back taxes for years past demanded; when he remonstrates that he has paid them the tax receipt is demanded, and when the officials are reminded that the receipt went with the man's house in the massacre, he is abused and ordered to pay the tax or go to prison.

Wheat is very high—over a dollar a bushel, with wages 10 or 12 cents a day, when work is to be found at all. There is a great deal of bitter feeling over the German Emperor's visit, for the people attribute the pressure for taxes to that, but as a matter of fact, it seems as if those spared from slaughter were to be handed deliberately over to famine.

The poor women and little children! It seems as if the thought of their misery would crush us at times, but they bear it patiently, for in all the wide world there seems no help.

Yesterday my associate, Miss Blakely, was asked to help a young widow now studying in the city schools. She replied that she did not seem a promising student, and was quickly answered, "Perhaps she could do better if she had had any breakfast; now her sister spins, and of course sitting still in the house she can do without, but to study well, perhaps food would help."

I must try to write you soon about my embroidery workers, whose pictures I am sending now. I am sure you would be interested, and perhaps some would like to order cushion covers or other work. Very sincerely yours.

MEBA HESS.

Henderson.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Hale, Jr., died of bronchitis at their home in Rush township, on Monday afternoon. The funeral was held at the home at eleven o'clock Wednesday, Rev. W. T. Wallace officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Hale have the sympathy of a host of friends—Benjamin Hook is very low with pneumonia. Dr. Hume is caring for him—The home of W. W. Palmer was saddened Wednesday by the arrival of a new boy. It is needless to say that Will is extremely happy—Fred Rowley is laid off from his work by the popular disease, grip. Fred is strong enough so that he ought to grip it hard—Fred Smith is laid up with pneumonia—C. D. Kirby is reported better—Ira Johnston and wife, of Brant, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. Noonan—The play which was presented by the Home Talent Club on Monday evening was pronounced a success by all who witnessed it. About \$30 were taken in for the benefit of the K. O. T. M. There is some talk of reproducing it in the near future.

A Long Life.

For sixty-nine years Downs' Elixir has kept on curing coughs, colds, croup, consumption and all throat and lung troubles. Some people think it good only for lung troubles, but the fact is that it is the best remedy known for cold in the head, or cold settled in the joints or bowels, as it acts upon the whole system and speedily eradicates a cold where ever found. We sell it and guarantee a 50 cent bottle to cure any cold or money refunded. SPRAGUE & CO., COLLINS & CO. PARKILL & SON, L. M. WATSON, J. C. JOHNSON, J. S. HAGGART.

ROYAL

Baking Powder,

used exclusively,
will insure your food
from all danger of alum
and kindred injurious adulterants.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Durand.

Mr. and Mrs. John Budd are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Moss, in Hazelton this week—The special services still continue at the Baptist church.—The Willing Workers will give a George Washington social Feb. 23, at the home of Mrs. Van Vleet, on Mercer street.—Miss Mae Downey, of Capac, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. D. Martin, has returned home—Our school teachers attended the institute at Bancroft last Saturday—Mrs. R. B. Bronson attended the funeral of her son and was taken sick and was buried last Tuesday. While her funeral was in progress her grandson, Bertie Bronson, died, thus making three deaths in the family within a week. Mrs. Bronson was the mother of nine sons, and this was the first death in her family.

Ovid.

Mrs. Amy Frisbie is seriously ill—Florence Bowen still continues very ill—Miss Bessie Clark returned home Monday.—J. P. Carr living south of Ovid is very ill—A. S. Berry was in St. Clair over Sunday—Mrs. F. A. Conant has returned from Eaton Rapids—Reece Smith was home over Sunday from St. Johns—Miss Jessie Eastman is visiting Mrs. Frank Hoyt in Mason—Mrs. Frisbie Walsh, of Detroit, is a guest of Ovid relatives—Mrs. Elizabeth Eaton visited Mrs. B. V. Soule in St. Johns Tuesday and Wednesday—Sam Ferguson went to Detroit Wednesday, where he has a position in a carriage factory—Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hathaway are the happy possessors of an eight pound boy who arrived last Friday.

New Lothrop.

Mr. S. D. Wilson is on the sick list—Wesley England and Mrs. Enoch Munson are both reported convalescent—Alf. Dann is down with the grip—Mrs. Harry Snyder and daughter, Gladys, and Mrs. G. S. French visited Flushing friends a couple of days last week—Dr. J. Brown has purchased the farm of Andrew Kribs just west of town—Regular quarterly meeting at the M. P. church next Saturday and Sunday. Rev. England will be assisted by Rev. G. H. Burtis, of Saginaw—Irving Smith was in Flushing on business last week Thursday—The water pipes which supply the boiler at the mill froze up during the cold snap last week and Mr. French has been unable to thaw them out, so the mill runs only part of the time, as the water supply is very limited—The funeral of the five weeks old baby of Mr. and Mrs. Pulaski Cooper, Jr., was held at the M. P. church last Friday—Arthur Odell has recovered from an attack of grip and is again able to run the engine at the mill—Mrs. Geo. Bullock and son, Herald, visited friends in Taymouth part of last week—Mrs. D. Kribs is on the sick list—Peter Pearsall was in Flushing on Monday.

Bancroft.

Bancroft was visited by a serious fire on Friday last and the only thing which saved the entire business portion of the town from being destroyed was the stubborn fight made by the plucky citizens of the place. The fire broke out at noon in the Odd Fellows hall, over the store occupied by J. Howey Hutchings, drugs and living rooms, and spread to W. E. Allen's harness store and shop, also B. D. Black's store, occupied by Dr. Yoemans and Fred Rohrbacher, who had just moved his household goods and a bazaar stock into the store room preparatory to opening up his store the week to the trade. The bucket brigade and citizens saved the store buildings of C. H. Kent, S. J. Gurney, Mrs. Dr. J. S. Wheelock. The fire-proof walls of R. Sherman & Son's large double store saved them the building. It was with great difficulty that the large plate glass fronts of the stores of Mrs. Helen P. Case, Watson Bros. & Martin and C. E. Godfrey were saved across the street from the fire. Losses as follows: J. H. Hutchings, on stock and household goods, \$1,000; insured for \$1,700; W. E. Allen, on building and stock, \$1,000; insured for \$650; B. D. Black, loss on building, \$1,000; insured, \$500; Mrs. L. B. Harvey, loss on the Hutchings store, \$500; insured, \$350; C. H. Kent, building damage, \$1,000; insured, \$500; Mrs. S. J. Banks, millinery, damage, \$100; insured, \$500; R. Sherman & Son, damage to their store building, \$500; loss on household goods of Fred Rohrbacher, \$50; no insurance. The stores will be rebuilt in the near future.

Ann Arbor Ry. Shops, and Personal Items.

Mike Purcell, of Toledo, was in the city Wednesday. Jas. Dean is now back at work after two weeks sickness. Four cars of live stock were shipped from the Owosso yards Wednesday. Engine No. 13 was in Tuesday and a part of Wednesday to have its tank repaired. Master Mechanic R. Tawse was in Toledo Wednesday on company business. General Manager H. W. Ashley was in the city Monday and Tuesday going on to Frankfort.

The baggage and waiting rooms have been overhauled this week and fitted out with a new floor.

Engine No. 5 was taken out Wednesday by Engineer Wm. Purcell. It has been in the shops over a month.

Joe Sharp, one of the carpenters employed about the yards froze his nose quite badly during the severe weather.

The Wolverines, the Ashleys' private car, is being repainted preparatory, it is said, to making an extensive southern trip.

Lou Gilbert, one of the car repairers, late of Co. G, is still on the sick list and expects to go to Detroit for treatment.

Warren Beckwith, who has been assisting at the master mechanic's office during the inventory, finished his work Tuesday.

Engine No. 13, which has been used in Cadillac for switching, was drawn into the shops early in the week for an overhauling.

Mat Wikom's two large railway circus cars are in the shops for repairs. They will be fitted up in good shape before the coming season.

H. J. Williams, another Co. G boy, who has been assisting in the blacksmith shop, is suffering from malaria and has gone to his home near Flushing.

H. S. Powers, Thos. Markham, Harry Noble, Donald Ferguson, Fred Townsend, and Alf. Fillmore are among the number who are still kept from work by the grip.

One of the longest trains ever sent through Owosso went north Tuesday evening. It consisted of eighty-eight cars, nearly all of which, however, were "empties."

Stationary Engineer A. L. Goddard is still quite sick with the grip. He has been having a hard siege with the disease, having been laid up for considerably more than a month.

Coach No. 13 is receiving new head linings. Combination coach No. 105 which was badly burned in Ann Arbor is nearly repaired again. No. 15 is ready for use once more.

Engineer O'Brien and his assistants are helping rebuild the steam shovel. As soon as the weather and the frost subside the shovel will be used on the north part of the road to level down hills.

The Ann Arbor ferries reached Frankfort Tuesday after being frozen up in the ice for several days. The No. 1 was first stuck ten miles out but finally reached the No. 3 which was frozen in near the Ella Stafford about three-fourths of a mile out. The lake is frozen its entire width, the first time such a condition has been known for twenty-six years. The No. 1 which, though not the largest boat, is the best ice crusher, was expected to start out again Wednesday. This boat can make five miles an hour running through eighteen inches of ice, a condition it has to face nearly or quite all the way across.

County Convention.

The Prohibitionists of Shiawassee county will hold a convention at the Court House, Corunna, Thursday, at 3 p. m., Feb. 23rd, for the purpose of electing delegates to the state convention to be held in Jackson March 1, 1899; and to transact such other business as may properly come before the meeting. J. C. CURTIS, Chairman. THOS. M. MOTT, Secretary.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bronis Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

For SALE—Thoroughbred Fox Hound 18 months old. Spread of ears 34 inches. F. J. McDANIEL, Owosso, Mich.